

## What God Wants, Part III

Roger Waters

Don't be afraid, it's only business  
The alien prophet sighed  
The vulture and the magpie took  
The cash box from its hook  
The monkey in the corner  
Wrote the figures in his book  
Crazed the checkout lady's fingers  
Flash across the till  
And the captain posts the menu of the day  
And in banks across the world  
Christians, Moslems, Hindus, Jews  
And every other race, creed, colour, tint or hue  
Get down on their knees and pray  
The raccoon and the groundhog neatly  
Make up bags of change  
But the monkey in the corner  
Well he's slowly drifting out of range

Christ, it's freezing inside  
The veteran cries  
The hyenas break cover  
And stream through the meadow  
And the vet rolls in  
To his bottle of gin  
So he picks up a stone  
That looks like a bone  
And the bullets fly  
And the rivers run dry  
And the fat girls sigh  
And the network anchor persons lie  
And the soldier's alone  
In the video zone  
But the monkey's not watching  
He's slipped out to the kitchen  
To pile the dishes  
And answer the phone